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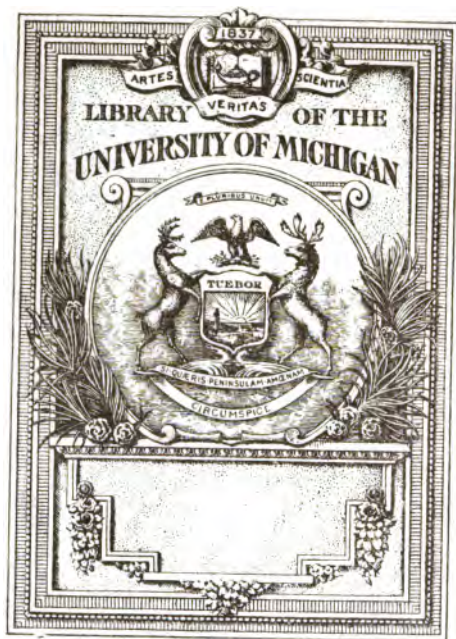
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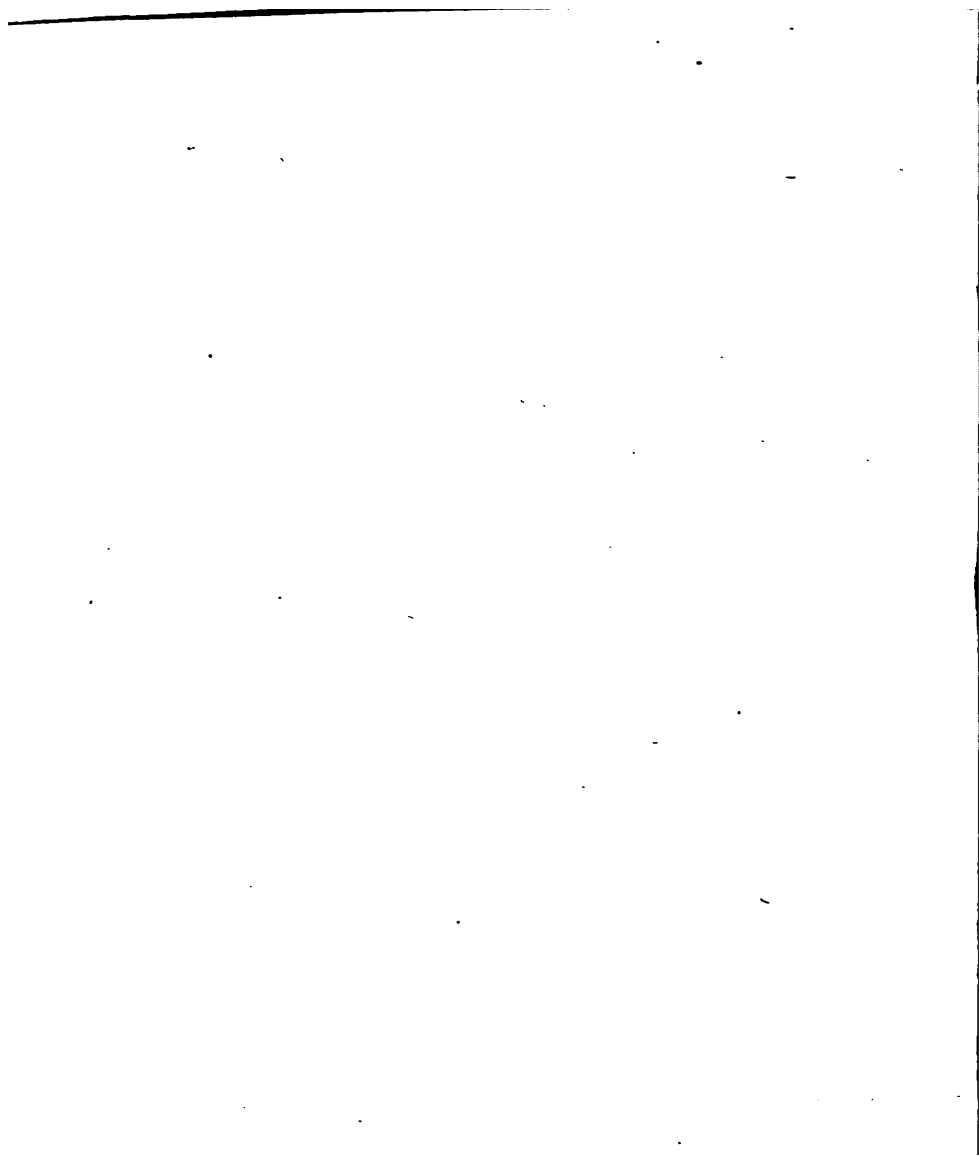
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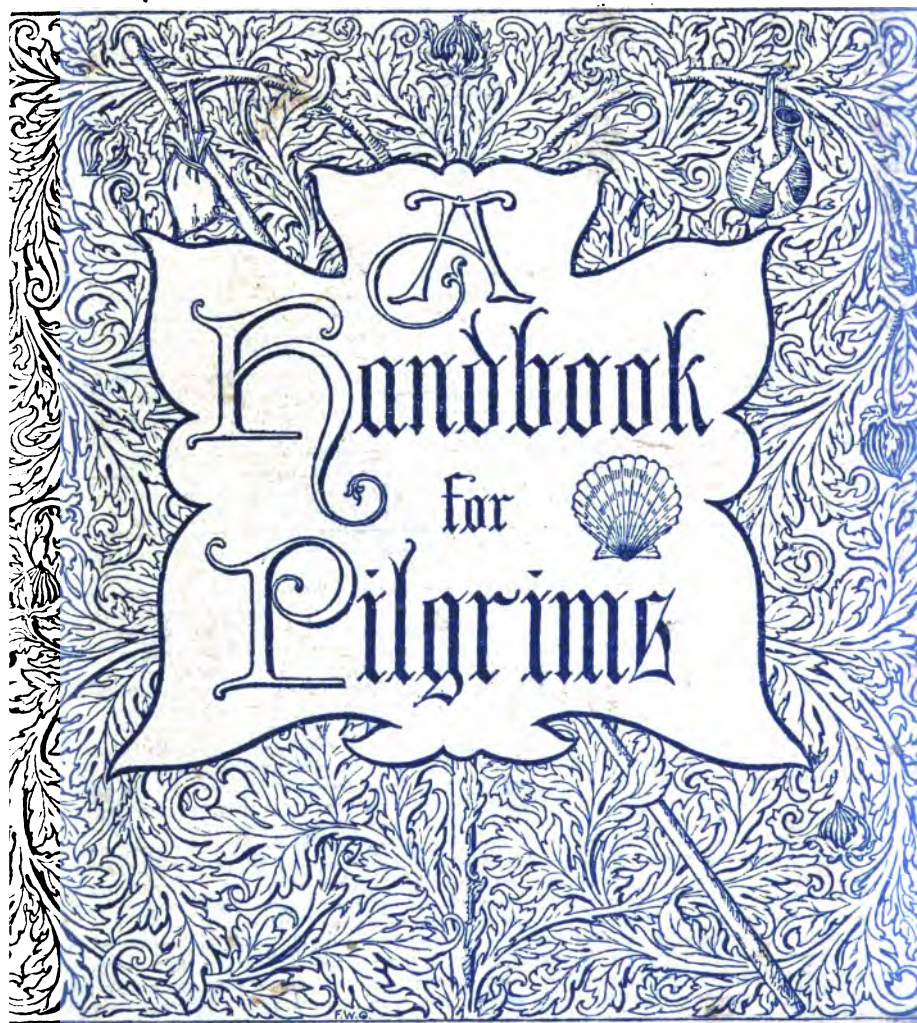


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A Handbook for Pilgrims

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A Handbook for Pilgrims

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY

FOR

THOSE WHO JOURNEY THROUGH THIS FAIR WORLD
ON THEIR WAY TO ONE STILL FAIRER

Compiled by

MARY B. DIMOND

"The Kingdom of Heaven is as a man travelling into a far country"

CHICAGO

A. C. McCLURG AND COMPANY

1888



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A Handbook for Pilgrims.

Morning.

GOD said, Let there be light : and there was light.
— *Genesis*, i. 3, 4.

When the morning stars sang together. — *Job*, xxxviii. 7.

Now that the day-star glimmers bright,
Pray, brothers, bending low,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

Parisian Breviary. Translated by NEWMAN.

I laid me down and slept : I awaked, for the Lord
sustained me. — *Psalms*, iii. 5.

His compassions fail not. They are new every morning. — *Lamentations*, iii. 22, 23. ,

Lord God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light.
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.
O Lord of lights, 't is Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own :
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great Dawn of God, we cry for Thee.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

When I awake I am still with thee. — *Psalms*, cxxxix. 18.

It is no small advantage to the holy life to “begin the day with God.”

The saints are wont to leave their hearts with Him over night, that they may find them with Him in the morning. — THOMAS CASE.

When I rise again to life
From the tranquil sleep of death,
And released from earthly strife,
Breathe that morning's balmy breath,
I shall wake to other thought ;
The race is run, the fight is fought :
All the pilgrim's cares are dreams,
When that dawn of morning gleams.

From the German of KLOPSTOCK.

I go, that I may awake him out of sleep. — *John*, xi. 11.

The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.


SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord :
in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and
will look up. — *Psalms*, v. 3.

I shall be satisfied when I awake, with thy likeness.
— *Psalms*, xvii. 15.



The Journey.

THE Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore. — *Psalms*, cxxi. 8.

Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out. — *Deuteronomy*, xxviii. 6.

A prosperous journey by the will of God. — *Romans*, i. 10.

God, which dwelleth in heaven, prosper your journey, and the Angel of God keep you company. — *Tobit*, v. 16.

O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. — *Jeremiah*, x. 23.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. — *Proverbs*, iii. 6.

I expect to pass through this world but once : if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do, let me do it *now*, for I shall not pass this way again. — *Unknown*.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye. — *Psalms*, xxxii. 8.

He will keep the feet of his saints. — *1 Samuel*, ii. 9.

None of his steps shall slide. — *Psalms*, xxxvii. 31.

If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence. — *Exodus*, xxxiii. 15.

My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. — *Exodus*, xxxiii. 14.

I will lead on softly, according as the . . . children be able to endure. — *Genesis*, xxxiii. 14.

Shew me thy ways, O Lord ; — teach me thy paths.
Lead me in thy truth. — *Psalms*, xxv. 4, 5.

Come, Guide and Teacher, to take our hands in
Thine, and pour light on our way and on our mind.
Come, Restrainer, to keep our feet and all our hidden
desires and imaginations from evil. — Bishop F. D. HUN-
TINGTON.

Having Christ with him, the believer's life journey
will be a *safe* one. He need never miss the right
road. He will never be led astray. It matters not
that we cannot see the end from the beginning.
Christ sees: that is enough. He that walketh with
Jesus "walketh surely." — THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old
paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye
shall find rest for your souls. — *Jeremiah*, vi. 16.

I am the way. Follow thou me. — *John*, xiv. 6 ;
xxi. 22.

Thou art the Way : and he who sighs,
Amid this starless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow,
By Thee must come, Thou gate of love,
Through which the saints undoubting trod,
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting-place in God.

Unknown.

Christian, walk carefully, — danger is near ;
Work out thy journey with trembling and fear :
Snares from without, and temptations within,
Seek to entice thee again into sin.

Cheering Words.

By the word of thy lips
I have shunned the paths of oppressors :
My steps hold firm to thy footprints :
My tread wavereth not.

Psalms, xvii. 4, 5. DE WITT's Translation.

Onward, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone :
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee : press thou on !
By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won :
Tread it without shrinking, brother ;
Jesus trod it : press thou on !

Rev. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

I have ta'en a grip of Christ, to see if I can win to that measure of holiness wherefore He has gripped me. I reckon none of by-gones, but I am reaching to those before me. I am assaying if I can win to the thing I would be at : and what is not done, I am minting to it. — DAVID DICKSON.

An highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness ; the unclean shall not pass over it ; but it shall be for those : the way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein. — *Isaiah*, xxxv. 8.

Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect : but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which I also am apprehended of Christ Jesus.

Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended : but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. — *Philippians*, iii. 13, 14.

We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you. — *Numbers*, x. 29.

The Country.

LIFT up your eyes, and look on the fields ; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal : that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. — *John*, iv. 35, 36.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. — *Psalms*, cxxvi. 6.

Why should I start at the plough of my Lord, that maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know that He is no idle husbandman, He purposeth a crop. — SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. — *Galatians*, vi. 8.

In the morning sow thy seed, nor stay thy hand at
evening hour,
Never asking which shall prosper, — both may yield
thee fruit and flower.
Thou shalt reap of that thou sowest: though thy
grain be small and bare,
God shall clothe it as He pleases, for the harvest full
and fair.
Though it sink in turbid waters, hidden from thy
yearning sight,
It shall spring in strength and beauty, ripening in
celestial light.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Courage, patience, poor disconsolate one. God is
making a furrow in your heart, where He will surely
sow His grace. — *Gold Dust*.

I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth
in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much
fruit. — *John*, xv. 5.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

— *Galatians*, v. 22, 23.

Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God.

J. G. WHITTIER.

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.

— *Canticles*, ii. 1.

Jesus, that Flower of Jesse, set without hands,getteth many a blast, and yet withereth not, because He is His Father's noble Rose, casting a sweet smell through Heaven and Earth, and must grow. And in the same garden with Him grow the saints, God's fair and beautiful lilies, under wind and rain, and all sun-burned, and yet life remaineth at the roots. — SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters. — *Canticles*, ii. 2.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? — *Matthew*, vi. 30.

How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings! — *Matthew*, xxiii. 37.

Build your nest upon no tree here: for ye see God hath sold the forest to death; and every tree, whereupon we would rest, is ready to be cut down, to the end that we might flee and mount up and build upon the Rock. — SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

Hide me under the shadow of thy wings. — *Psalms*, xvii. 8.

In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge. — *Psalms*, lvii. 1.

When we cannot see the sunshine of God's face, it is blessed to cower down beneath the shadow of His wings. — C. H. SPURGEON.

Thou lookest into Christ's fold, and thou seest it hedged and fenced about to keep you in from sin, and this keeps thee from entering ; but, oh ! let it not. Christ, indeed, is unwilling that any of His should wander, and if they be unwilling, too, it's well. And if they wander, He 'll fetch them in, it may be with His shepherd's dog (some affliction) ; but He 'll not be, as we say, *dogged* Himself. No, He is, and will be, sweet. Oh, come in therefore to Jesus Christ ; let Him be now the shepherd of the soul. And know then, He 'll be sweet in endeavoring to keep thee from sin before thou commit it, and He 'll be sweet in delivering thee from sin after thou hast committed it. — SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life. — *Revelation*, vii. 17 (*Revised Version*).

When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him. — *John, x. 4.*

To Thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead Thy charge ;
And my couch with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.
When I faint with summer heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

JAMES MERRICK.

There is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.
Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light, it lies ;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

Bishop JOHN EAST.

The Inn.

THERE was no room for them in the inn. — *Luke*,
ii. 7.

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have
nests ; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his
head. — *Matthew*, viii. 20.

Have you any room for Jesus,
He who bore your load of sin ;
As He knocks, and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in ?
Room for Jesus, King of glory,
Hasten now, His voice obey,
Swing the heart's door widely open,
Bid Him enter while you may.

Gospel Hymns.

Then said Christian to the porter, "Sir, what house is this? And may I lodge here to-night?" The porter answered, "This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and he built it for the relief and security of pilgrims."

Now the table was furnished "with fat things, and with wine that was well refined," and all their talk at the table was about the Lord of the hill.—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

This is the Lord's lower house; and while we are lodged here, we have no assurance to lie ever in one chamber, but must be content to remove from one corner of our Lord's nether house to another; resting in hope that, when we come up to the Lord's upper city, Jerusalem that is above, we shall remove no more; because there we shall be at home. And, go whithersoever ye will, if your Lord go with you, ye are at home; and your lodging is ever taken before night, so long as He who is Israel's dwelling-house be with you.—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

O Bread to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet :
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled ;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

Unknown mediæval author. Translated by RAY PALMER.

The Lord's Supper is a scene of solemn and affecting remembrance. It is a landing place of rest, refreshment, survey, and setting forth again upon the Christian journey. — GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

Our heavenly Father doth not keep so starveling a house that the world's scraps should go down with us.
— GEORGE SWINNOCK.

The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sun-rising ; the name of the chamber was Peace. — *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Dear Lord, Thy table is outspread ;
What other could such feast afford ?
And Thou art waiting at the head ;
But I am all unworthy, Lord ;
 Yet do I hear Thee say,
 (Was ever love so free ?)
 " Come hither, son, to-day,
 And sit and sup with Me."

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

The Rainy Day.

THOU visitest the earth, and waterest it. — *Psalms*,
lxv. 9.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass ;
as showers that water the earth. — *Psalms*, lxxii. 6.

My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall
distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender
herb, and as the showers upon the grass. — *Deuteronomy*,
xxxii. 2.

Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies
pour down righteousness. — *Isaiah*, xlv. 8.

Come down, O Lord, upon my soul, and my heart
shall blossom with Thy praise. Water me, for no plant
of thy garden needs it more. — C. H. SPURGEON.

Tears are the showers that fertilize the world.— JEAN
INGELOW.

O ye tears ! O ye tears ! I am thankful that ye run ;
Though ye come from cold and dark ye shall glitter in
the sun ;
The rainbow cannot cheer us if the showers refuse to
fall,
And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes of
all.

O ye tears ! O ye tears ! ye relieve me of my pain,
The barren rock of pride has been smitten once again ;
Like the rock that Moses smote amid Horeb's burning
sand,
It yields the flowing water, to make gladness in the
land.

Dr. MACKAY.

Though your heart be as dry and withered as the
rod of Aaron was, yet if Christ will rain upon it, it shall
both bud and blossom and bring forth almonds.—
RALPH ROBINSON.

As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater : so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth : it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. — *Isaiah*, lv. 10, 11.

Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it ; very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it. — *Ecclesiasticus*, xliii. 11, 12.

The bow shall be in the cloud ; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth. — *Genesis*, ix. 16.

There was a rainbow round about the throne. — *Revelation*, iv. 3.

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The City.

BLESSED be the Lord : for he hath shewed me his
marvellous kindness in a strong city. — *Psalms*,
xxxii. 21.

Ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of
the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. — *Hebrews*, xii. 22.

He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose
builder and maker is God. — *Hebrews*, xi. 10.

He hath prepared for them a city. — *Hebrews*, xi. 16.

The city of the great King. — *Matthew*, v. 35.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that
they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter
in through the gates into the city. — *Revelation*, xxii. 14.

The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it : for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it ; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day : for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie ; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life. — *Revelation*, xxi. 23-27.

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.
— *Psalms*, lxxxvii. 3.

Day by day unbroken columns are passing through the golden gate of the city, and God's elect are gathering from the four winds of heaven. There are no dead saints : all are alive unto God. — NORMAN MACLEOD.

O blessed *Civitas Dei* ! The ransomed shall see it
with still greater joy than filled the way-worn and war-
worn Crusaders when at last they looked on the city
which had drawn them from afar, and shouted, Jerusa-
lem ! Jerusalem ! — DONALD FRASER.

Let us here show to the pilgrims the gates of the
Celestial City. — *Pilgrim's Progress*.

O birds from out the east, O birds from out the west,
Have you found that happy city, in all your weary
quest?

Tell me, tell me ; from earth's wanderings may the
heart find glad surcease?

Can you show me as an earnest any olive-branch of
peace?

I am weary of life's troubles, of its sin and toil and
care ;

I am faithless, crushing in my heart so many a fruitless
prayer ;

O birds from out the east, O birds from out the west,
Can you tell me of that city, "the name of which is
Rest"?

O little birds, fly east again ! O little birds, fly west !
Ye have found no happy city in all your wandering
quest ;
Still shall ye find no spot of rest wherever ye may stray,
And still, like ye, the weary soul must wing its weary
way !
There sleepeth no such city within the wide earth's
bound,
Nor hath the dreaming fancy yet its blissful portals
found.
We are but children, crying here, upon a mother's
breast,
For life, and peace, and blessedness, and for eternal
rest !

Bless God ! I hear a still small voice above life's clam-
orous din

Saying, "Faint not, O weary one, thou yet may'st
enter in !

That city is prepared for those who well do win the
fight,

Who tread the wine-press till its blood hath washed
them pure and white.

Within it is no darkness, nor any baleful flower
Shall there oppress thy waking eyes with stupefying
power ;

It lieth calm, within the light of God's peace-giving
breast,

Its walls are called Salvation, — *that* city's name is
'Rest.' "

Household Words.

The Mountains.

WHICH by his strength setteth fast the mountains.

— *Psalms*, lxxv. 6.

Mountains of God which men have not planted, and
which men cannot move. — CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

Philosophers of the forget-God school are too much engrossed with their laws of upheaval to think of the Upheaver. Their theories of volcanic action and glacial action, etc., etc., are frequently used as bolts and bars to shut the Lord out of His own world. Let me forever be just such an unphilosophic simpleton as David. — C. H. SPURGEON.

The strength of the hills is his also. — *Psalms*, xcvi. 4.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence
cometh my help. — *Psalms, cxxi. 1.*

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies,
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

WATTS.

Thy righteousness is like the great mountains. —
Psalms, xxxvi. 6.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

WATTS.

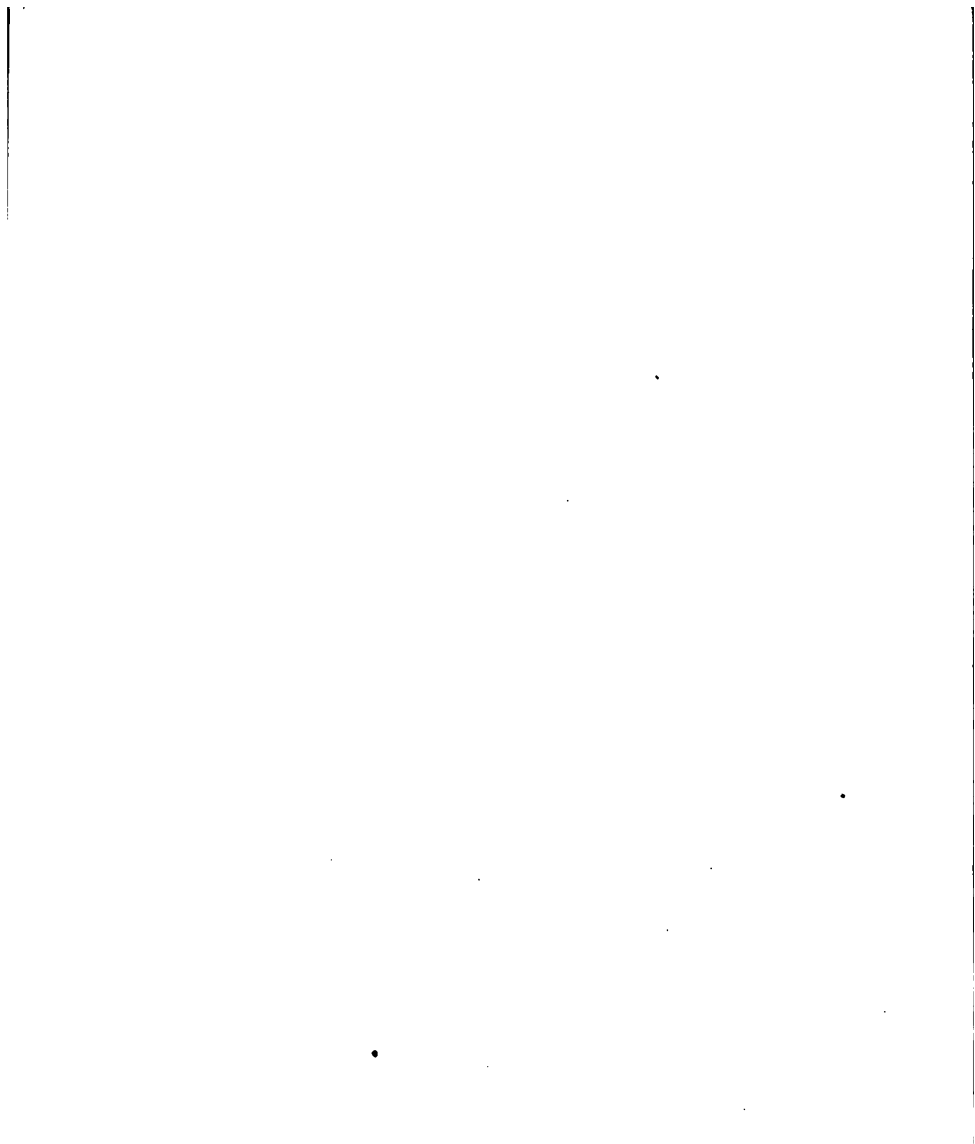
The mountains shall bring peace to the people. —
Psalms, lxxii. 3.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the
Lord is round about his people. — *Psalms, cxlv. 2.*

Behold, at a great distance he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautiful with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains, very delectable to behold. — *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Heaven is aptly compared to a hill, hell to a hole. Now who shall ascend into this holy mount? None but those whom this mount comes down unto; that have sweet communion with God in this life present, whose conversation is in heaven, though their commemoration be for awhile upon earth. — JOHN TRAPP.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. — *Psalms*, xxiv. 3. 4.



The Valley.

IN his hand are the deep places of the earth. —
Psalms, xcvi. 4.

Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it
a place of springs ; yea, the early rain covereth it with
blessings. — *Psalms, lxxxiv. 6 (Revised Version).*

From strength to strength through Baca's vale of woe,
They pass along in prayer,
And gushing streams of living water flow,
Dug by their faithful care ;
The rain is sent from heaven
To fertilize the land,
And wayside grace is given,
Till they in Zion stand.

German Choral Music.

The valley of Achor for a door of hope. — *Hosea*,
ii. 15.

I have entered the valley of blessing, so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there ;
And His spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And His perfect love casteth out fear.

ANNIE WITTENMEYER.

Help is sought by those, who, suffering from a scanty
supply of water, press on through a dry valley and yet
do not despair or grow weary, but have God for their
fountain, from which they drink and are refreshed. —
VENEMA.

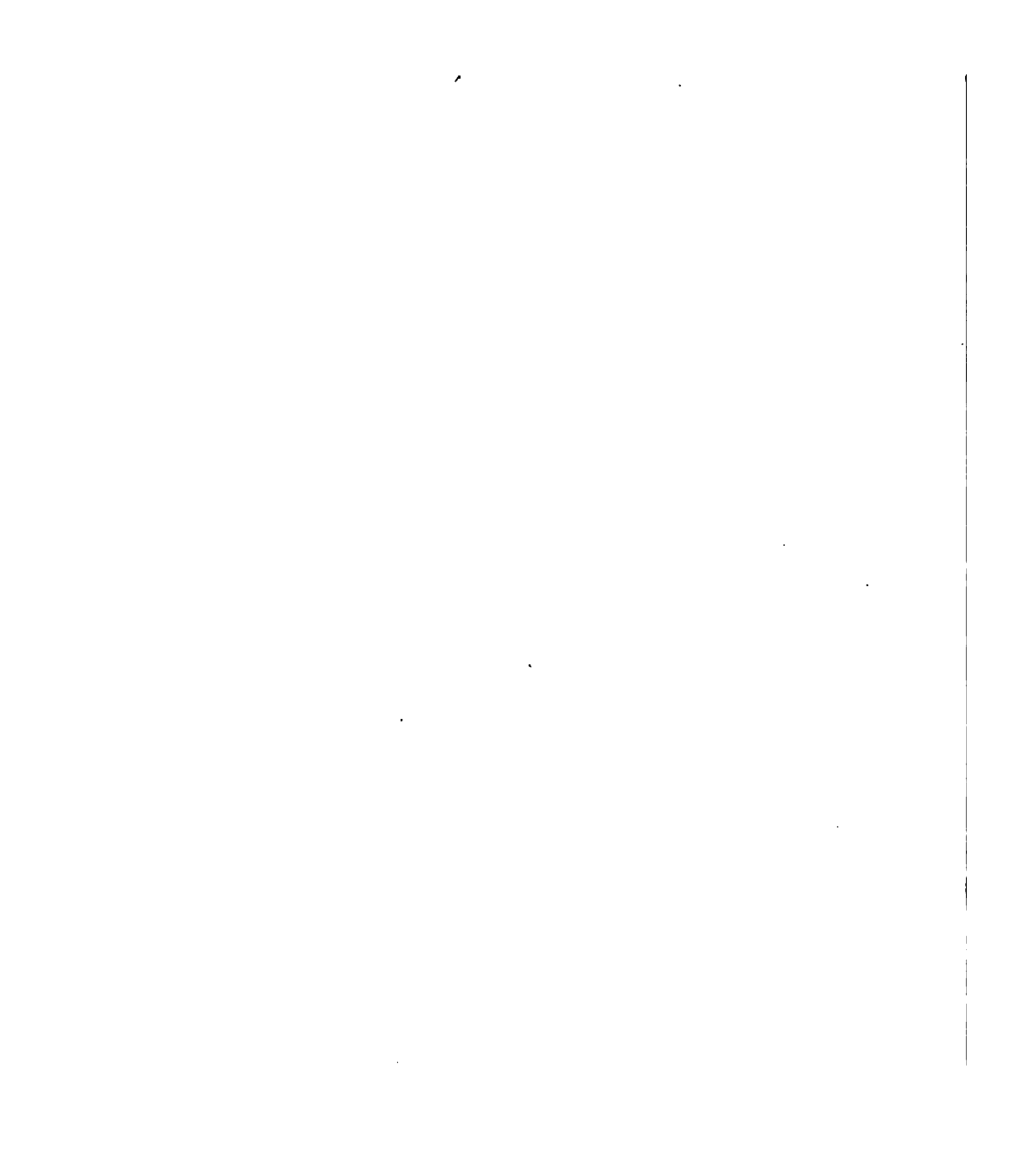
Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there :
One is the dark mountain of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

Father RYAN.

In this valley our Lord formerly had his country house. He loved much to be here ; he loved also to walk these meadows, for he found the air was pleasant. Besides, here a man shall be free from the noise and from the hurryings of this life. All states are full of noise and confusion, only the Valley of Humiliation is that empty and solitary place. . . . This is a valley that nobody walks in but those that love a pilgrim's life. — *Pilgrim's Progress*.

At the end of this valley was another called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. — *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for thou art with me. — *Psalms, xxiii. 4.*



The River.

HIS blessing covered the dry land as a river. —
Ecclesiasticus, xxxix. 22.

I will extend peace to her like a river. — *Isaiah,*
lxvi. 12.

O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments !
then had thy peace been as a river. — *Isaiah, xlviii. 18.*

He leadeth me beside the waters of rest. — *Psalms,*
xxiii. 2 (Revised Version, margin).

There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

WATTS.

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. . . . On either side of the river was there the tree of life. — *Revelation*, xxii. 1, 2.

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey.

But, behold ! all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth and entered the river with a beckon of farewell to those who followed her to the river side. The last words that she was heard to say here were, "I come, Lord, to be with thee and bless thee." — *Pilgrim's Progress*.

There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God. — *Psalms*, xlv. 4.

How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan? — *Jeremiah*, xii. 5.

I saw, then, that they went on their way to a pleasant river, which David the King called "the river of God," but John, "the river of the water of life." — *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Rise ye up, take your journey, and pass over the river. — *Deuteronomy*, ii. 24.

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. — *Isaiah*, xliii. 2.

She had come to the borders of the mysterious river which separates us from the dim hereafter, and her timid feet seemed to hesitate and fear to stem the flood. But after a time her fears subsided, she grew calm, and ceased to talk about the long, dark way, till at the very last she brightened suddenly, a smile of confidence and courage lightened up her sweet face.

"Oh, it is only a little brook !" she cried, and so passed over to the heavenly shore. — *Cheering Words*.

I doubt not but if hell were betwixt you and Christ, as a river which ye behooved to cross ere ye could come at Him, but ye would willingly put in your foot, and make through to be at Him, upon hope that He would come in Himself into the deepest of the river, and lend you His hand.

Now I believe that your hell is dried up, and that ye have only these two shallow brooks, sickness and death, to pass through; and ye have also a promise that Christ will do more than meet you, even that He will come Himself and go with you foot for foot, yea, and bear you in His arms. — SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

The Sea.

THY way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters. — *Psalms*, lxxvii. 19.

The sea is his and he made it. — *Psalms*, xcv. 5.

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice ; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea. — *Psalms*, xciii. 3, 4.

Which stilleth the noise of the seas. — *Psalms*, lxxv. 7.

Sleeping or waking, let Christ be in the vessel, and it is safe. — WILLIAM HANNA.

What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him? — *Mark*, iv. 41.

Tossed upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe.

Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well," Thy constant cheer.

REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

Surely the Spirit of God would have us to take notice, that though the sea be indeed such a giant, such a monster, as will make an heart of oak shake, or a heart of brass melt, yet what is it to God but an infant? He can find it and lay it to sleep even as a little child. And if the great sea be in the hand of God as a little child, what is great to God! and how great is God! —
JOSEPH CARYL.

Righteousness as the waves of the sea. — *Isaiah*,
xlviii. 18.

All hail, Creator and Controller of the sea. Let those who fly in swift ships across the wonder-realm of waters worship Thee alone. — C. H. SPURGEON.

Ocean, wide-flowing Ocean, Thou,
Of uncreated love ;
I tremble as within my soul
I feel Thy waters move.

Thou art a sea without a shore ;
Awful, immense Thou art ;
A sea which can contract itself
Within my narrow heart.

And yet Thou art a haven too
Out on the shoreless sea,
A harbor that can hold full well
Shipwrecked humanity.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! — *Romans*, xi. 33.

Thy judgments are a great deep. — *Psalms*, xxxvi. 6.

There be many Christians most like unto young sailors, who think the shore and the whole land do move, when the ship and they themselves are moved. Just so not a few do imagine that God moveth, and saileth, and changeth places, because their giddy souls are under sail, and subject to alteration, to ebbing and flowing ; but the foundation of the Lord abideth sure. —

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'T is said, far down, beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

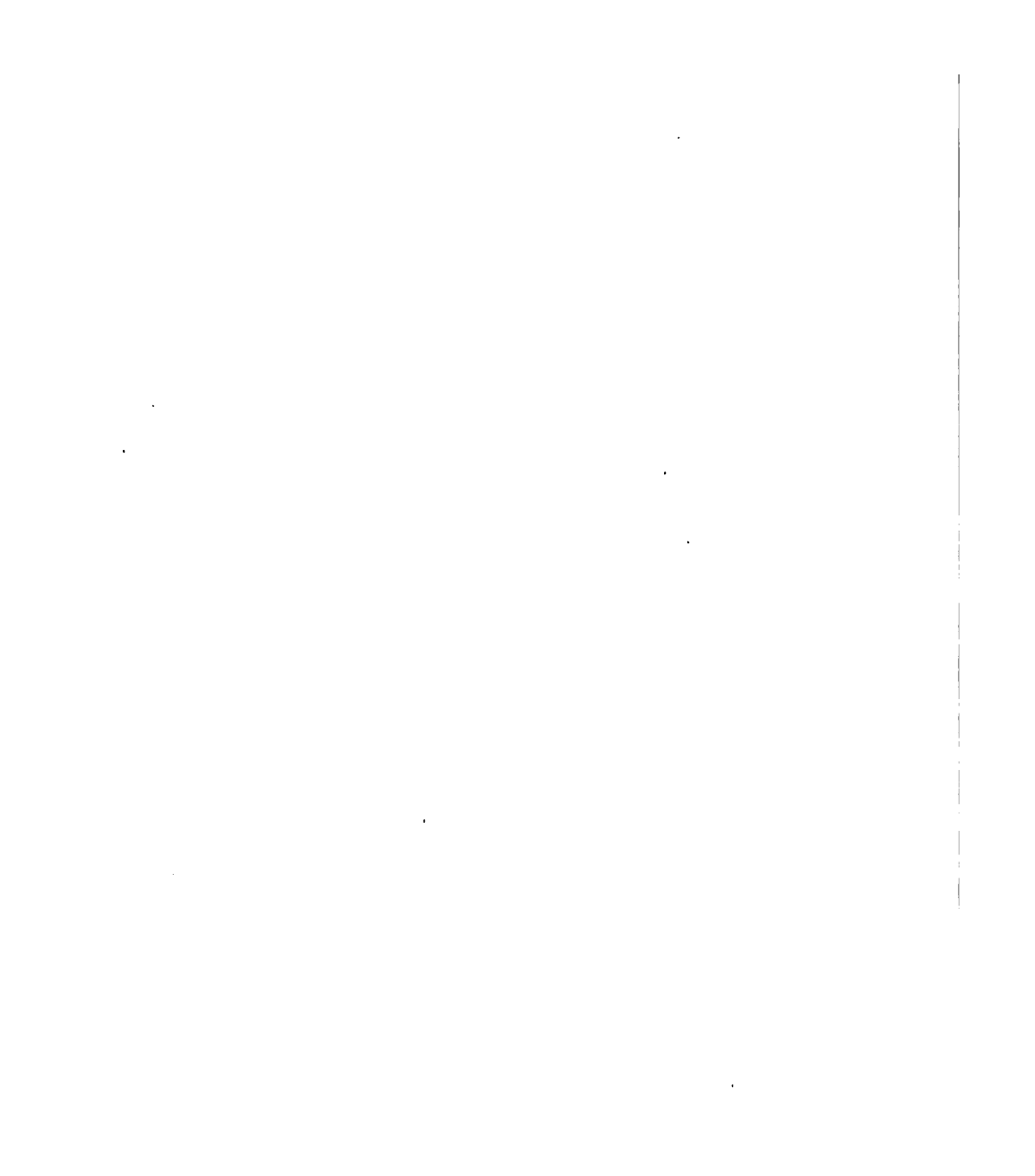
Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully ;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

J. G. WHITTIER.

And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire :
and them that had gotten the victory . . . stand on
the sea of glass, having the harps of God. — *Revelation*,
xv. 2.



The Storm.

THE clouds poured out water : the skies sent out a sound : thine arrows also went abroad : the voice of thy thunder was in the heaven : the lightnings lightened the world : the earth trembled and shook. — *Psalms*, lxxvii. 17, 18.

The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet. — *Nahum*, i. 3.

What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee. — *Psalms*, lvi. 3.

Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall. — *Isaiah*, xxv. 4.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. — *Psalms*, xlii. 1-3.

God is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

WATTS.

I hope that my ship shall ride it out, seeing Christ is willing to blow His sweet wind in my sails, and mendeth and closeth the leaks in my ship, and ruleth all. —
SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

Surely some of us have learned the weariness of the work and voyage of this world. Surely some of us are longing to find anchorage while the storm lasts, and a haven at the end. There *is* one, if only you will believe it, and set yourselves toward it. On the shore stands the Christ, and there is rest *there*. *There* is no more sea, but unbroken rest, unchanging blessedness, stability of joy, and love in the Father's house. Are *we* going there? — ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

Oh, if we feel, often and often, that the water-floods threaten to drown us, and the deep to swallow up our faith, may it again and again be granted us to hear amid the storm and the darkness those two sweetest notes of the Saviour's utterances, — "Fear not. Only believe." "It is I. Be not afraid." — FREDERICK W. FARRAR.

He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. — *Mark*, iv. 39.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

C. WESLEY.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on Thee.

HELEN M. WILLIAMS.

I will trust, and not be afraid. — *Isaiah*, xii. 2.

The Foreign Land.

THE land of their pilgrimage, wherein they were strangers. — *Exodus*, vi. 4.

We are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers : our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding. — *1 Chronicles*, xxix. 15.

He went out, not knowing whither he went. — *Hebrews*, xi. 8.

Confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. — *Hebrews*, xi. 13.

They that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. — *Hebrews*, xi. 14.

Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come. — *Hebrews*, xiii. 14.

Happy name I you, my brethren, who, not ever doomed
to roam,
In the Eternal Father's mansion from the first have
dwelt at home.

Round the Father's throne forever standing, in His
countenance
Sunning you, you see the seven circling heavens around
you dance.

Me He has cast out to exile, in a distant land to learn
How I should love Him the Father, how for that true
country yearn.

I, a rose-bush, to this lower soil of earth am fastly
bound,
And, with heavenly dew besprinkled, still am rooted to
the ground.

From its stalk released, my flower soars not yet, — a
butterfly ;
But meanwhile my fragrant incense evermore I breathe
on high.

From this gloomy land of vapors, where the hurricanes
surprise,
Lightning scorches, and hail lashes, and the thunder
terrifies,

By my Gardener to His garden I shall once trans-
planted be,
There where I already have been written from eternity.

O my brothers, blooming yonder, unto Him the Ancient
pray,
That the hour of my transplanting He will not for long
delay.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH (*Tr. from the Persian*).

Our citizenship is in heaven. — *Philippians*, iii. 20 (*Revised Version*).

I will be to them as a little sanctuary in the coun-
tries where they shall come. — *Ezekiel*, xi. 16.

If you were citizens of this world, then you might drive the same trade with them ; but, seeing you are chosen and called into a new society, made free of another city, and are therefore here but travellers passing through to your own country, there should be this difference betwixt you and the world, that while they live at home, your carriage be such as fits strangers living warily and soberly, minding most of all your journey homeward. — Archbishop ROBERT LEIGHTON.

Lord, Thou hast made us *for* Thee, and our heart is disquieted till it reacheth *to* Thee. — AUGUSTINE.

I am far frae my hame, an' I 'm weary aftenwhiles
For the langed-for hame bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles ;

I 'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see
The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countree.

My sins ha' been mony, an' my sorrows ha' been sair,
But there they 'll ne'er mair vex me, ne'er be remembered mair ;

His bluid hath made me white, His hand shall dry
mine ee,
When He brings me hame at last to my ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo to my Saviour's loving
breast ;
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs
like me,
And He carries them Himsel' to His ain countree.

He 's faithfu' that hath promised ; He 'll surely come
again ;
He 'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken ;
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.

So I 'm watchin', aye, an' singin' o' my hame as I wait,
For the sounin' o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate.
God gie His grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

The Day of Rest.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day :
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

Rev. JOSEPH NEWTON.

Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest awhile. —
Mark, vi. 31.

I was in the spirit on the Lord's day. — *Revelation*,
i. 10.

Upon the first day of the week . . . the disciples
came together to break bread. — *Acts*, xx. 7.

Christ, in the interval between the resurrection and ascension, keeps day with His disciples, meeting them by a weekly manifestation of His presence, as if purposely to give them stated times. — HORACE BUSHNELL.

Our Sabbaths should be hills of light and joy in God's presence ; and so, as time rolls by, we shall go on from mountain-top to mountain-top, till at last we catch the glory of the gate and enter in to go no more out forever. — HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Every saint is God's temple, and he who carries his temple about him may go to prayer when he pleaseth. — AUSTIN.

Finding disciples we tarried there. . . . And we entered into the house of Philip the evangelist. — *Acts*, xxi. 4, 8.

Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive us into rest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Where we found brethren, whom, when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage. — *Acts*, xxviii. 14, 15.

O day most calm, most bright !
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
 Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a Friend, and with His blood ;
 The couch of Time ; Care's balm a.d bay ;
 The week were dark but for thy light :
 Thy torch doth show the way.

Thou art a day of mirth ;
 And where the week-days trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
 Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
 Fly hand in hand to heaven !

GEORGE HERBERT.

This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest ; and this is the refreshing. — *Isaiah*, xxviii. 12.

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright ;
On thee the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, holy, holy,
To the great Three in One.

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

The Desert.

WE have gone through deserts, where lay no way.
— *Wisdom of Solomon*, v. 7.

'T is by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night :
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

WATTS.

We know that if perchance our earthly tent-dwelling should come down, we have a building of God, a dwelling not made by hand, age-abiding in the heavens.

And verily, herein we sigh, earnestly desiring to clothe ourselves over with our habitation which is in heaven. . . . And verily, we who are in the tent do sigh, being weighed down. — *2 Corinthians*, v. 2-4 (ROTHERHAM'S *Translation*).

The Shadow of the Rock !

The desert wide

**Lies round thee like a trackless tide,
In waves of sand forlornly multiplied.**

The sun is gone,

Thou art alone ;

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock !

Night veils the land ;

How the palms whisper as they stand !

How the well tinkles faintly through the sand !

Cool water take

Thy thirst to slake ;

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock !

Always at hand,

Unseen it cools the noon-tide land,

And quells the fire that flickers in the sand.

It comes in sight
Only at night ;
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock !
To weary feet,
That have been diligent and fleet,
The sleep is deeper and the shade more sweet.
O weary ! rest,
Thou art sore pressed ;
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock !
Thy bed is made ;
Crowds of tired souls like thine are laid
This night beneath the self-same placid shade.
They who rest here
Wake with heaven near ;
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

The putting off of my tabernacle cometh swiftly. —
2 Peter, i. 14 (*Revised Version*).

The shadow of a great rock in a weary land. —
Isaiah, xxxii. 2.

Dwelling in tents. — *Hebrews*, xi. 9 (*Revised Version*).

He will make her . . . desert like the garden of
the Lord ; gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiv-
ing, and the voice of melody. — *Isaiah*, li. 3.

The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. —
Isaiah, xxxv. 1.



Going Home.

JERUSALEM the glorious,
The home of the elect,
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect !
E'en now by faith I see thee,
E'en here thy walls discern ;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn.
BERNARD of Cluny. *Translated by J. M. NEALE.*

There are the choirs of angels ; there the fellowship of the heavenly citizens ; there the sweet festival of those who come home from the dreary toils of this pilgrimage. . . . Then let faith grow warm toward that which it has believed ; let our desires burn for our home above. — GREGORY THE GREAT.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to
Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads :
they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and
sighing shall flee away. — *Isaiah*, xxxv. 10.

The house called Beautiful. — *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Whether in life or in death, with calm longing our glance rests upon the blessed home which lies before us, and life appears to us peaceful, and death sweet. The thorns of our pilgrim-path no longer wound us, and the entrance to our Father's house is no more narrow and fearful. . . . We joyfully walk toward the beloved home. — JULIUS MÜLLER.

They may enter in through the gates into the city.—
Revelation, xxii. 14.

In my Father's house are many mansions. — *John*,
xiv. 2.

Having good courage, therefore, at all times, and knowing that, remaining at home in the body, we are away from home from the Lord, for through faith are we walking, not through sight, we have good courage, nevertheless, and are well pleased rather to go from home out of the body and to come home unto the Lord. — *2 Corinthians*, v. 6-8 (ROTHERHAM'S *Translation*).

He bringeth them unto their desired haven. —
Psalms, cvii. 30.

Father . . . I will that they also whom thou hast
given me be with me where I am. — *John*, xvii. 24.

Safe home, safe home in port !
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck :
But, oh, the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage-perils o'er !

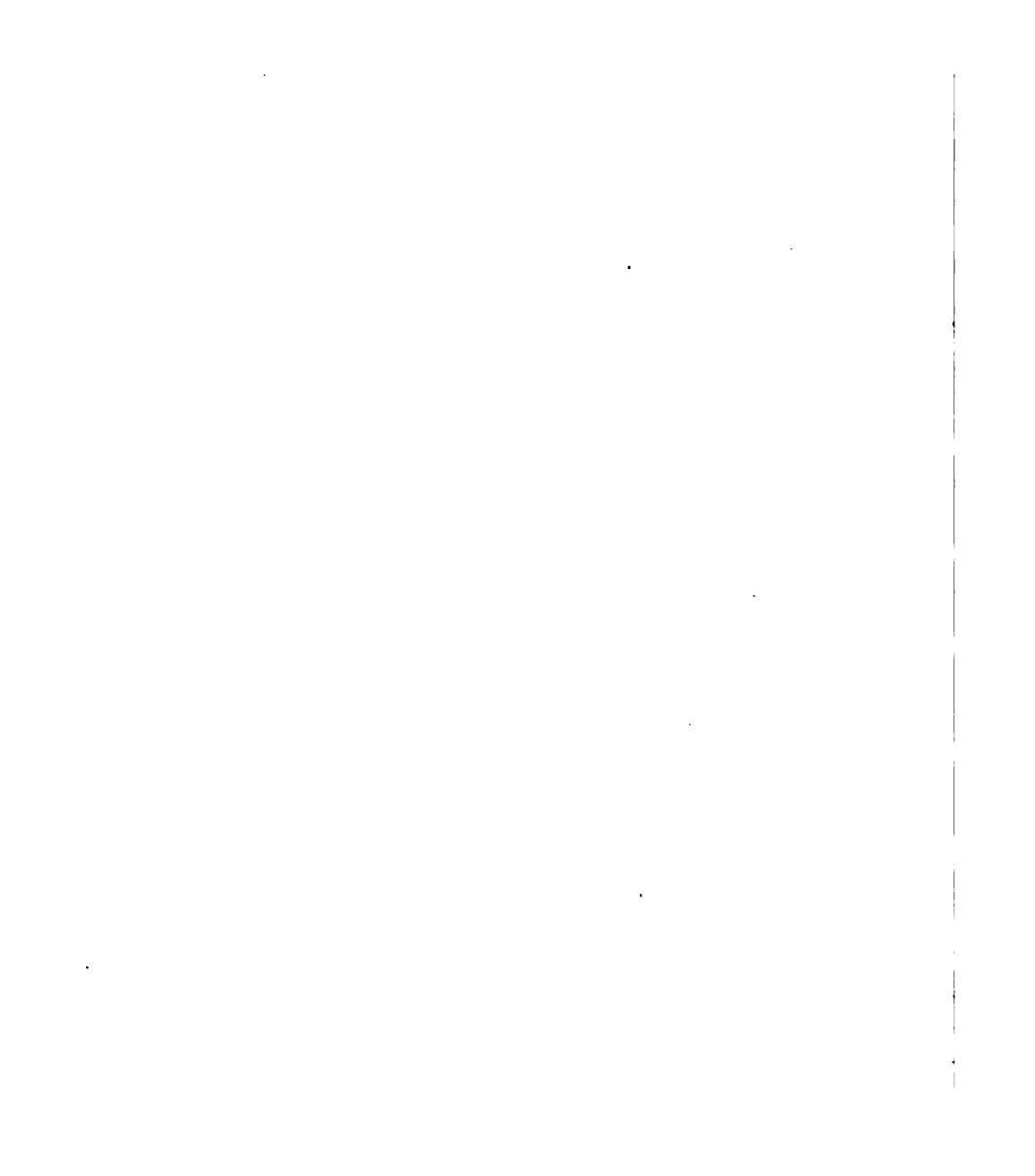
The exile is at home !
O nights and days of tears !
O longings not to roam !
O sins and doubts and fears !
What matter now, when, so men say,
The King has wiped those tears away !

SAINT JOSEPH of the *Studium*. *Translated from Greek by*
J. M. NEALE.

No, no, it is not dying,
To go unto our God ;
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking,
Along the starry road.

Translated from German by Professor DUNN.

Thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy
habitation. — *Exodus*, xv. 13.



Night.

THOU makest darkness, and it is night. — *Psalms*,
civ. 20.

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. — *Psalms*, xix. 1, 2.

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep ; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety. — *Psalms*, iv. 8.

I am the light of the world : he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. — *John*, viii. 12.

If a man walk in the night he stumbleth. — *John*, xi. 10.

He that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. — *Psalms*, cxxi. 3, 4.

Happy are the pilgrims to whom this psalm is a safe-conduct ; they may journey all the way to the celestial city without fear. — C. H. SPURGEON.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. — *Psalms*, cxix. 105.

To meditate . . . at the eventide. — *Genesis*, xxiv. 63.

Abide with me : fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide !
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

HENRY F. LYTE.

I will make darkness light before them. — *Isaiah*,
xlii. 16.

A few more bright or clouded sunsets fading along
the western walls of our earthly sanctuary, and then the
curtains will be lifted up. — Bishop F. D. HUNTINGTON.

Thy sleep shall be sweet. — *Proverbs*, iii. 24.

Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with
him. . . . So shall we ever be with the Lord. —
1 *Thessalonians*, iv. 14, 17.

And there shall be no night there. — *Revelation*,
xxii. 5.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this, —
"He giveth His beloved sleep"?

"Sleep soft, beloved ! " we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;
•But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
" He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose
Who " giveth His beloved sleep."

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all,
Say, " Not a tear must o'er her fall !
He giveth His beloved sleep."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

